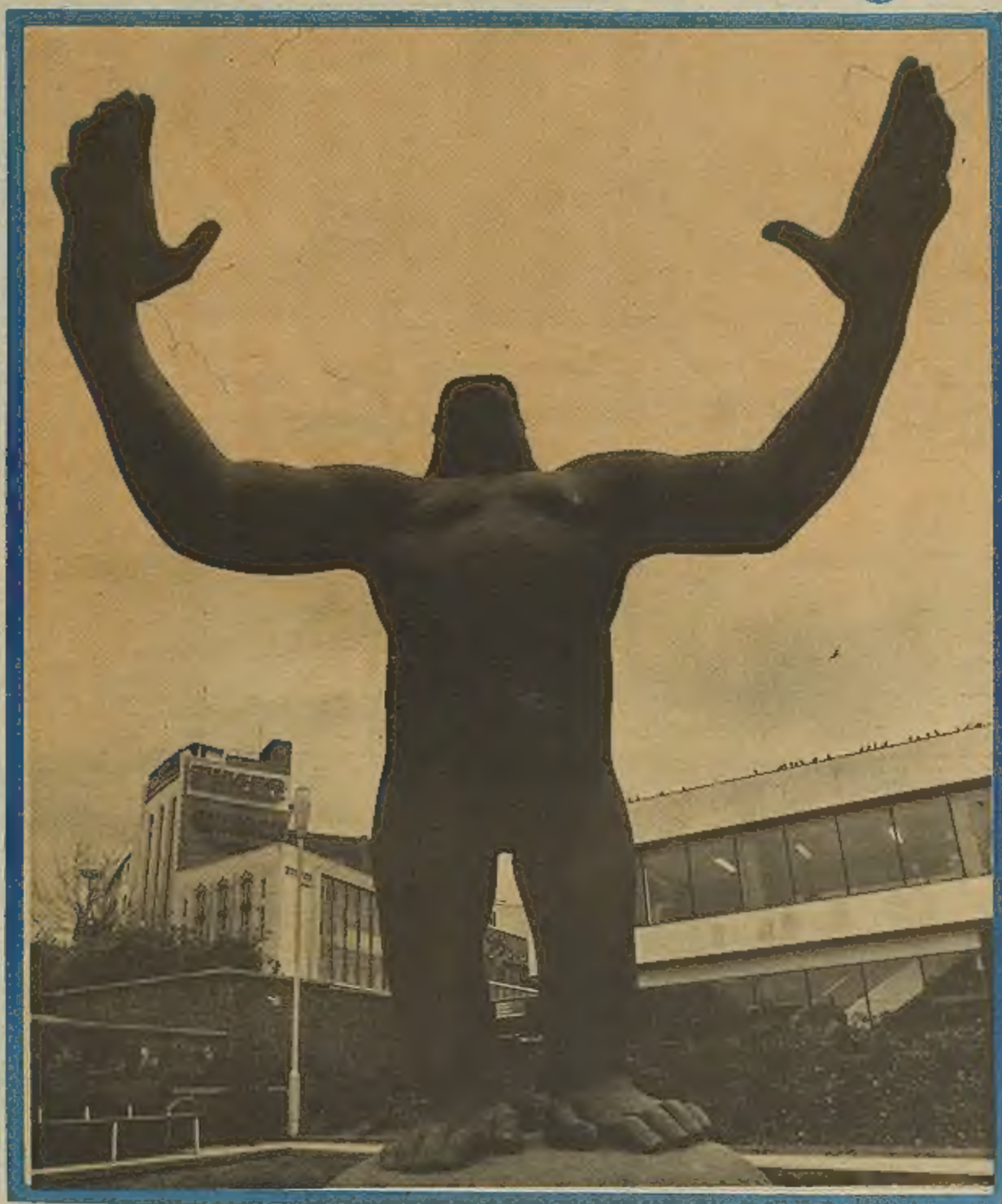




What is it? Where is it? How did it get there?



KING MOBECHO

Birmingham: It's 20 feet tall, has red eyes, no balls, and a delicate ass; and if Stanley Yapp won't buy it, the KKK will. What is it? As thousands of startled Birmingham motorists and art lovers the world over should know by now, it is none other than the Amazing

Ape, the Prince of Primates himself, King Kong.

The King is fibreglass, the work of sculptor Nicholas Monro, and on loan to the people of Birmingham for six months, courtesy of the Peter Stuyvesant Urban Sculpture Project (yes, that's right). He arrived in April, so they have

till October to decide whether they want to spend the necessary £1000 to keep him. This is where Stan Yapp comes in. He's the leader of the Labour council—which, to give it its due, is making some fairly left wing noises—and though he modestly denies "Setting himself up as an

arbiter of public taste", he says the council won't buy it "whether it costs £1000 or 1000p". Since Mr Yapp holds the purse strings, he is the arbiter of public taste, deny it as he will. And whether his reasons are financial or aesthetic, they're certainly pretty philistine. King Kong

may not be 'dignified' enough for the council, but he's the best thing to hit Birmingham since the Bull Ring riots of 1839, and he's probably caused more artistic debate in the city than the Art Gallery, ever, over all these years. Opinion

(continued on page 5)

MY ONLY
HOPE IS THAT
CHRR DOESN'T
EXTRADITE
ME



| | |
|---|----|
| News | 5 |
| Whup dat Globe, boy, by Terry McCarthy | 7 |
| "blinded by events and come forth with the biggest load of crapology since St Paul ..." | |
| Letters | 9 |
| Video Soma Feedback, by Merrily Paskal | 10 |
| "When we begin to relate nude to ourselves on tape, we imitate porno movies." | |
| Uncle Chuckle's Pud Page | 11 |
| The Indo-China Medicine Show, by Craig Karpel | 12 |
| "I propose that us Peace Creeps convene a National Festival of Life" | |
| Light Yourself a Candle, by Jonathon Green | 14 |
| How Elvis spawned the Angry Brigade? | |
| Films | 16 |
| Books | 17 |
| Rock | 18 |



KING MOB ECHO (cont.)

is vigorously split; but children are almost unanimously in favour, as can be seen by watching and talking to the crowds that flock around the previously much less frequented Manzini Gardens in the Bull Ring. A lot of people you talk to will point out that he should be at least 15 stories taller, as he's overwhelmed by the surrounding skyscrapers. His only other drawback is his zero masculinity, and there are various plans afoot for creative graffiti on a massive scale.

HEAVY SHIT

The King is the only really interesting bit of public statuary in Birmingham. There is the usual snattering of civic worthies, and the inevitable dyspeptic Queen Victoria, unamused by the arrival of so splendid a consort. Most of the more interesting bits of Victoriana, like the giant statues of Fortitude, Temperance, Thrift and other bourgeois virtues that used to adorn a city-centre insurance building, have been bulldozed away by the speculators. And the endless pedestrian subways are being sporadically larded up with nondescript mosaics. These good townfolk pass blithely by, although on the rare occasions that they have aroused controversy it has been remarkable for its bitterness and bigotry. Witness local journalist Vivian Bird's comments on the Irish Community-financed Kennedy Memorial:

"Deliberately obscure, as though it lacks the courage of its convictions, it shows American police clubbing coloured people—a grossly offensive portrayal of the police force of a friendly country. Can one invoke the Race Relations Act against this monstrous attempt to blacken a section of the white race? Perhaps not; so I must content myself by reminding the Irish perpetrators of this memorial that most American policemen seem to be Irishmen."

Some heavy shit. Meanwhile the Great Debate rages on. Mr Yapp isn't having it all his own way, and though the Young Conservatives (1) dropped their pro-Kong appeal pretty speedily—orders from above?—another, and more promising one, is under way. It's called Keep King Kong (or KKK for short—you guessed!), and it's led by 57 year old, much be-medalled Reginald Walker, who, as caretaker of St Martin's House, is a close neighbour of the overgrown android. He can't understand Yapp's opposition, strusses how much children like it, and suggests, if the council don't like the present site, moving him onto the route of the forthcoming Birmingham Grand Prix, the spot to be known henceforth as King Kong Korner. (But that's another story).

NEVER SINCE HITLER

One aspect of the situation that has gone unnoticed—except perhaps in our city father's secret night-thoughts—is the King's relationship with the other great spectacular event of the city's year, the Battle of Salfley, or the siege of Nechells Place. (To the uninitiated, this was the closure of Salfley gasworks by pickets and Birmingham workers, a key victory in the miners strike, which shocked the city out of its prosperous complacency). Some Labour councillors, cashing in predictably, proposed erecting a monument to his triumph, and the local press was full of indignant letters suggesting a plaque reading: "On this site ... armed thugs ... blackmail ...

never since Adolf Hitler ... mob rule ..." etc. etc. Nothing has come of it as yet (though the police have had a commemorative tie made) except, except ... your correspondent tentatively suggests that King Kong, come to judgement, could be that monument; and that somewhere in Mr Yapp's brain an echo resounds, which perhaps accounts for his indecent haste to be rid of an embarrassing reminder of forces beyond his control.

E.R.B.

Video-bust (1)

Rochdale: During questioning of a local freak following his arrest for possession, Rochdale

drug squad admitted their presence at the Bickershaw Festival, and their reason for being there.

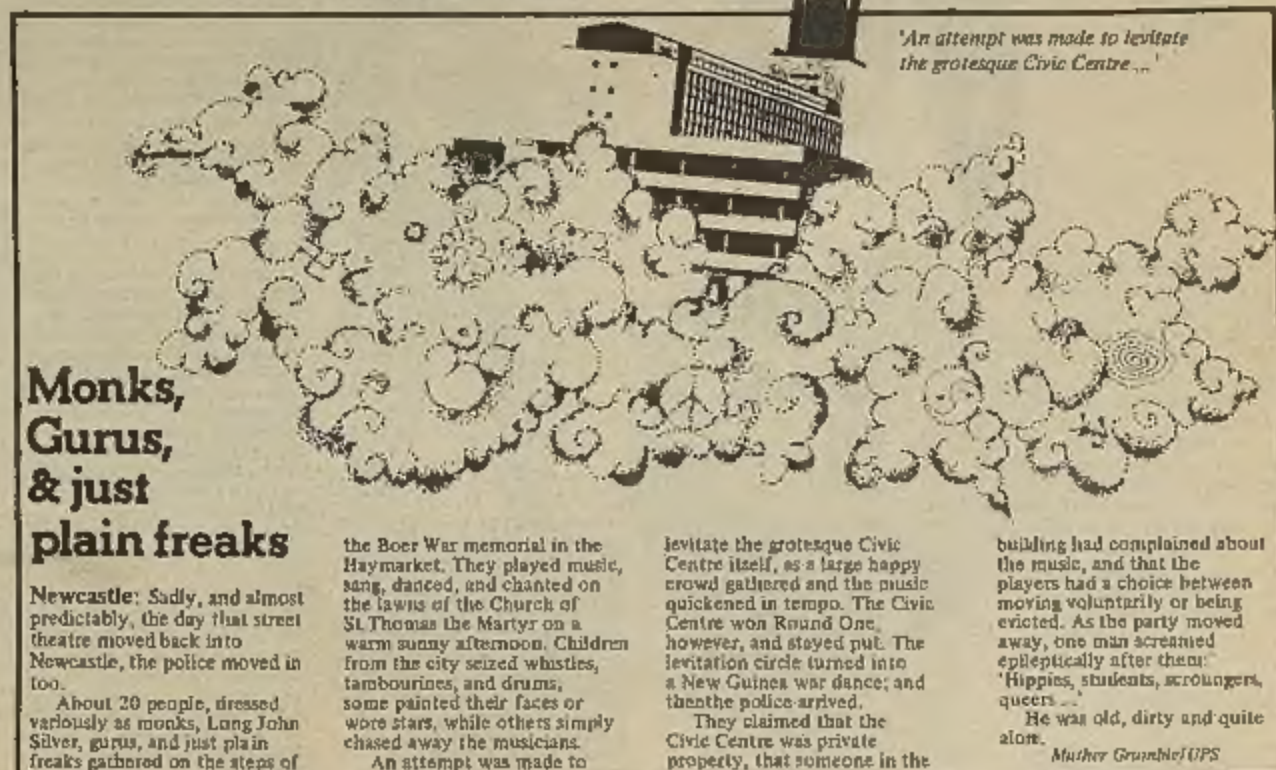
The freak had denied knowledge of another man, a suspected dealer, when the squad countered with "You were seen with him at Bickershaw." The same squad, or one of them, told another boy's parents that their son had

been seen smoking a 'reefer' at the Festival.

All this ties in with the police request to the BBC (reported in Mole/23) for "offcuts" of film taken at Bickershaw. One would suspect that most northwestern drug squads were represented, keeping their eyes open, noting who was dealing, who was smoking, who was with who, of course no arrests were made; these could come later.

Like now.

M.D.



Monks, Gurus, & just plain freaks

Newcastle: Sadly, and almost predictably, the day that street theatre moved back into Newcastle, the police moved in too.

About 20 people, dressed variously as monks, Lang John Silver, gurus, and just plain freaks gathered on the steps of

the Boer War memorial in the Haymarket. They played music, sang, danced, and chanted on the lawn of the Church of St Thomas the Martyr on a warm sunny afternoon. Children from the city seized whistles, tambourines, and drums, some painted their faces or wore stars, while others simply chased away the musicians.

An attempt was made to

levitate the grotesque Civic Centre itself, as a large happy crowd gathered and the music quickened in tempo. The Civic Centre won Round One, however, and stayed put. The levitation circle turned into a New Guinea war dance; and then the police arrived.

They claimed that the Civic Centre was private property, that someone in the

building had complained about the music, and that the players had a choice between moving voluntarily or being evicted. As the party moved away, one man screamed epileptically after them: 'Hippies, students, scroungers, queers ...'

He was old, dirty and quite alone.

Muthur Grumbler/UPS

DRUGS.

Manchester: Acting on disturbingly accurate information, Manchester's drug squad (reinforced by at least one officer from Oldham) have in the past few weeks raided practically every suspected hip dealer in Manchester.

The raids, carried out possibly in search of a mythical "Mr. Big" of the dope scene, or maybe in preparation for a police conference in Manchester soon, have been carried out very 'correctly.' There have been no reports of planting and few of violence to suspects (in contrast to last year). And since sentencing in the city for simple possession is usually lenient, reflecting the expressed views on cannabis of the stipendiary magistrate—only two white guys have to our knowledge been jailed this year, one for 4 weeks and the other for 'importing'; usual sentence is a conditional discharge or at worst £10 fine—the squad's activities are no more than an irritation.

Funny though that these two are Rob Browne and Tom McMaster; the guys arrested last year for petrol-bombing a D-squad car (Tom was acquitted, Rob fined). Copper's memories are long.

M.D.

..SEX,

London: All members of Parliament are to receive a draft "sex display code" which could be the basis of legislation or prosecution. The code sets limits to the sort of pictures and devices which may be displayed to the public passerby.

It comes from the sex industry itself. The author, Paul Rimmer,

heads Britain's first sex aid business The Rimmer "Pellen" shops have discreet windows and he sees no reason why others should not be equally inoffensive when seen from the street. Magazines and books which would disturb children are often on show in sweet shops and newsagents, with comics on sale side by side with pornography.

Mr Rimmer says, "The code defines confectionery and newspaper counters as a public place. I see no reason why it should not be welcomed by the sex magazines, who will always need a measure of public approval."

Further information and the code itself from: Paul Rimmer, The Pellen Centre, 1a West Green Road, Tottenham, London N.15. Tel: 01 340 7692

Younger than Yesterday? —

IT, FIVE YEARS BACK ...

"...the strategy was to give the police flowers. This was done, but Mike saw some of the mourners THROWING the flowers hard at the police. We have to remember that even policemen are human; perhaps, because of their singularly unpopular position in society, they need more love than most of us. ... we must be more gentle, loving, and understanding with the police."

(IT/10, March 13 1967)

IPC Terrorist Strike

~None Dead

Edinburgh: Mysterious American gentlemen have been frightening the wits out of the good folk of Edinburgh just lately.

In the evenings, sometimes as late as 11 p.m. the yanks have been phoning homes in the city saying they are the 'Daily Record' and proceed to ask whoever answers what size of house they have, have they a fridge, extra telephone extensions, etc.

The reason they give is that they are taking a census of 'Daily Record' readers. But many wary souls thought their homes were being 'cased' for burglary. But rest assured, we can slay the fears. The mysterious yanks do represent the 'Record'—or more accurately big bold mother International Publishing Corporation.

It appears that IPC have commissioned a firm of whizz-kid American consumer researchers to carry out their census and, after all, doing it by phone saves a lot of boot leather.

By the way, Edinburgh's all seeing, all-knowing CID who didn't know about phone calling button-down-collar boys have been told now that the census is genuine. They were interested in the case before they found out from a "crime prevention point of view" and are believed to have dropped all enquiries.

Spike/UPS

& VIOLENCE

Blackpool: After only three issues, Blackpool's first 'alternative' paper has been forced to cease publication.

Trouble started for the paper (the 'Fylde Free Press') when its second issue carried a story about the local council. Not a drastic expose; mainly based on the minutes of their latest meeting. But when No.3 appeared, newsagents—once enthusiastic—refused to take it. Several said they had been 'told' to refuse, one lady phoned the local W.H.Smith's office in the presence of Free Press editor Keith Morgan and was advised to "leave it to the professional ones." At a stroke the number of sales outlets dropped to four or five.

Then the local advertisers, mainly boutiques and bookshops, withdrew their support. A boutique owner confessed to having been advised "that it would be in his interest" to do so.

Contributors and staffers were pressured; the father, a CID officer, of one bloke who'd

helped on layout was told by his superiors that his son should sever all connection with Fylde Free Press and S.E.A.R.C.H. (local info-point) "in his own best interests." The son is 21 and a university student.

Faced with this kind of pressure, FFP could not continue. Keith has not given up yet; he's hoping to revert to the duplicated format of 'Genesis' (one-time local arts lab newsletter) for a publication which will not pull its punches, as Free Press sometimes had to.

Police have put the heat on SEARCH too, with several officers (including the notorious D/S Abbott of the Drug Squad) making off-the-record threats to "stamp it out" and "close 'em down." To this end they have been removing SEARCH posters as fast as they go up. Bernard Gajewicz at SEARCH has already had just about enough, and may close down next month if the harassment goes on.

M.D.



Birmingham: On Wed 24 May at 8.30 p.m. 60 police, many of them in plain clothes, with dogs and assorted vehicles, performed a military style raid on the Villa Cross, a popular pub in the heart of Handsworth, Birmingham's largest black area. Police and dogs surrounded the pub and arrested 20 people who were taken to nearby Thornhill Road Police Station. Bystanders saw one man dragged bodily across the forecourt and over a low wall before winding up in a paddy wagon. The police recorded the whole incident on cine film. At the station, the only two whites involved were discharged along with several others, leaving nine West Indians inside. At least six of them

Video-bust (2)

were refused access to a solicitor that night. The following day a smaller raid on the Villa Cross at 1.30 p.m. netted a further five West Indians.

When they came up in court the next morning the nine men were remanded in custody without bail on a charge of unlawful possession of cannabis, despite the fact that two of them were first offenders and the police admitted in court that no dope was found on two more. Several of the others

are claiming that the dope found on them was planted. It has emerged that for weeks beforehand the police had been recording events in the pub forecourt on film from empty offices opposite. One of the nine alleges that on his way to the station he was placed in handcuffs on the floor of the paddy wagon where he was kicked and beaten with a truncheon. As the Governor of Wanson Green—surely this country's worst prison—prevented a doctor

from seeing the men until a week after the incident on the grounds that it was a Bank Holiday and therefore impossible to get Home Office permission at the time, it was difficult to assess the nature of his words, although he had several chipped teeth. The result, he claims, of some nifty work with a truncheon.

The nine were all held in custody for a period of about a fortnight. Of the five, whose case comes up on July 10th, three were out on bail the next day, one on June 2nd and one on June 9th. The major concern lies with the nine, since the reason offered for refusing bail was that the police raised in court the hoary and vicious spectre of conspiracy. No such charge has yet been made against them but it is feared this may be brought up when they appear in court again on July 28th.

Speculation about why the police should have launched such a direct provocation on the black community abounds, though some indication may be found in the events which preceded it. Earlier this year tension between blacks and police had risen to such a height that a picket of some 30 to 40 people took place outside Thornhill Road during the visit of the House of Commons Select Committee of Immigration and Race Relations. Of the fourteen defendants a dozen took part in the picket which you can bet was well covered by police cameras. Draw your own conclusions, black people in the area are already drawing theirs, and whatever the outcome of the trials the message of the Villa Cross raid has already been engraved in the minds of the black community.

You'd better believe it...

London: It Had To Happen Some Time Dept, *After Hair*, *Godspell*, *JC*, *Superstar* and the Broadway *OZ* musical: the first anti-pollution musical revue will be opening at the Roundhouse on Sept 19. Called *Mother Earth*, co-author Ron Thomson denies the presence of a "Meaningful Moral Message" and claims that the show's primary function is to entertain. The songs include "Tiger Tiger" by William Blake, "Ozymandias" by Percy Bysshe Shelley, and "Xanadu" by Coleridge.

Final word from the organisers: "Most human beings find it hard to dispute our premise. After all, 'We must save the earth'."

Argyllshire: Amerikkka has been good for the girls. The island men from the base at the Holy Loch and those docked at Yorkhill Quay spend a "fuckin' fortune." Some girls pick them up in Glasgow bars or streets, others catch the "whore Express" from Central Station to Gourock and on by steamer to Dunoon.

"The best arrangement is to get on the ships themselves" she explained. "What happens is that a sailor gets you a pass on as a friend or relation, once on board you do the rounds from cabin to cabin as many as you can take. The shore patrol only check that you have an official pass and the officers don't cause much trouble. The sailor who gets you the pass normally takes a few quid off the top, well its him who sets the whole deal up."

Dunoon, the once middle-class Argyllshire resort has changed. She too has become a "flashy neon-signed whore" with bright new structures erected in the Highland skyline, facilities for the "nuclear men", a sports centre for "sports freaks", a bowling alley for "ball freaks", a baseball stadium for "base freaks" and the grandest, most up to date VD clinic in Europe for "careless freaks."

Port au Prince, Haiti: Here's a new resource being exploited—blond. Hemo Caribbean, owned by a New York stockbroker, is exporting more than 10,000 pints of Haitian blood to America every month. When asked about it, a company spokesman replied that the Haitian plasma was "a hell of a lot cleaner than that which comes from the slums of some American cities."

New York (LNS): Disney World, the big new entertainment complex near Orlando, Florida, has struck it so rich that other groups are scrambling to cash in on the plastic tourism market.

The state of Alabama is considering installing a toll road across the state especially to tap Disney World-bound travellers. And an enterprising Alabama group is planning another spectacular venture all their own. They're working on the details for "Holyland, USA" which will feature a replica of the Walling Wall, a 12-acre Sea of Galilee, and a coliseum with chariot races—all under the eyes of a 101-foot tall statue of Christ. Jesus Christ!

JESUS LOVES YOU

Newcastle: The Festival of Light hit Tyneside with a rally at Newcastle City Hall starring the very reverend Arthur Blessitt. Local radical action groups took no disruptive part, claiming that 'it is up to us to give this as little publicity as possible, and show the whole thing up to be a petty, boring farce.'

Make no mistake, the Rally at the City Hall was a farce; the first speaker Peter Hill (and the main speaker Arthur 'Jesus' Blessitt, made statements in complete opposition to each other apparently without the audience noticing. Arthur Blessitt was using the Festival to lay down his ultra heavy Jesus trip and in turn was being used to fill the City Hall (and the adjacent St James' Church on closed circuit TV). The whole evening was a masterpiece of hysteria and nonsense. Peter Hill waffled on about sending bibles out to the heathen Blacks and communists, everybody sang "This little light of mine", and clapped their hands for Jesus, and at the right moment Arthur Blessitt swept onto the stage like the epitome of Jesus Christ Superstar.

He was an expert at controlling the audience's thought and emotions; first he was both Morecambe AND Wise, joking, laughing, shouting, fooling about; then he was Jerry Rubin,

spaced out, revolutionary, anarchistic, recommending people to put his 'Jesus Loves You' stickers into business reply-paid envelopes (careful Arthur, that's illegal you know), then he was Billy Graham, telling everyone you only need Jesus, not dope, acid, smack, or any of that shit, just Jesus—and almost said you don't need law, just Jesus; and Peter Hill, sitting just in front of us behind the stage muttered something about poor Arthur shutting up, though it may have been a remark about the weather.

He carried on looking uncomfortable and constipated—as did several of the dog-collars in the audience—as Arthur moved further and further from the subject of the meeting onto his own trip, taking the audience along with him with his dazzling, speed freak chatter, as full of catch phrases and over exuberance as a cornflake commercial. Arthur became the centre of the universe, grew deathly serious and led them into a heavy prayer, and asked for 'those who wished to receive Jesus into their hearts' to come to the front.

About 150 came forward, mostly pubescent trendily dressed schoolgirls (so now Arthur is Mick Jagger as well—truly a man of many talents). They were taken below the stage by an army of grey-suited 'personal counsellors' to be told the truth about Jesus. We followed, frightened a few



people when the significance of Gay Lib badges was realised, involved ourselves in a few pointless arguments and then went home.

That was about it really, not a very worthwhile night out for anybody, and far more people were in the Bingo Halls than in the City Hall, and we're not convinced that this is by any means a 'majority' movement. The best way of fighting this

sort of irrational anti-pornography movement is to show how unimportant pornography is in relation to the more serious problem that people have to deal with. We find it more important that people should have enough to eat, and a place to live, rather than how 'moral' their life is—something these Christians don't seem to be able to realise. Mather Grumble/UPS

Yes, that's right: It's an article on Trade Unions (those large amoebic entities that argue a lot). Terry McCarthy was scheduled, via Ruskin College, to a career in the Union Executives. He Got Wise. And wrote it all down. Here it is . . .

Avid readers of the left-wing press must be preparing themselves for the imminent revolution, that is if they've been taken in by the crapology that's been written in the last twelve months beginning with the UCS Work—in and its off-springs, and the miners' strike and the recent docks dispute. Anyone who's familiar with the New Left need not be reminded of their fondness for quotations by Lenin, Trotsky, etc., which they all loyally pay lip-service to but the one about workers on their own only being able to achieve trade-union consciousness seems to have left their revolutionary memories. They seem blinded by events and come forth with the biggest load of crapology since St. Paul and already they've made cult heroes out of many of the leaders thrown up in recent disputes.

Unfortunately this is where their lack of knowledge of the trade union movement comes in, and their conception of what a revolutionary is. First of all these disputes are purely economic and defensive. Secondly, the system can contain them and please don't give me that crap about economic determinism and the rest. The trade union movement, like the Labour Party, is not a revolutionary movement by its constitution and I can remember the painful experience that I had when I confronted Feather with all that about sell-out, bureaucrat, etc. when he read me line and verse of the constitution and conception of the TUC and believe me it's as about as revolutionary as my left tit and working as a shop steward and petty official inside the movement only confirmed this.

Sure I worked with some of the most militant men inside the labour movement, militant about money, conditions, hours, closed-shops, etc. but that's not revolutionary and probably the most militant union when it comes to money is the NGA but it's also the most conservative about women, demarcation lines and excluding other print unions from its territory. The same can be said for most unions, such as the docks which most people seem to be at the moment living in a dream land when it comes to analysing the dock-worker; probably the most militant

sect on inside the system, but just talk to any of these guys about women, homosexuals, abortion, spades, and see what answers they come up with. Recently when I was picketing alongside the miners outside a power station some of the comments I was confronted with could have come straight from the Monday Club.

Now I'm not saying that trade unions are a waste of time or that the sit-ins and work-ins and blacking of container firms don't mean a great step forward, but on their own they can be contained within the system. You've got to have revolutionary ideas not just about industry but the whole way of life, and just to confine agitation to the industrial scene is a waste of time cause these people don't live on the moon, they've got wives and kids, and

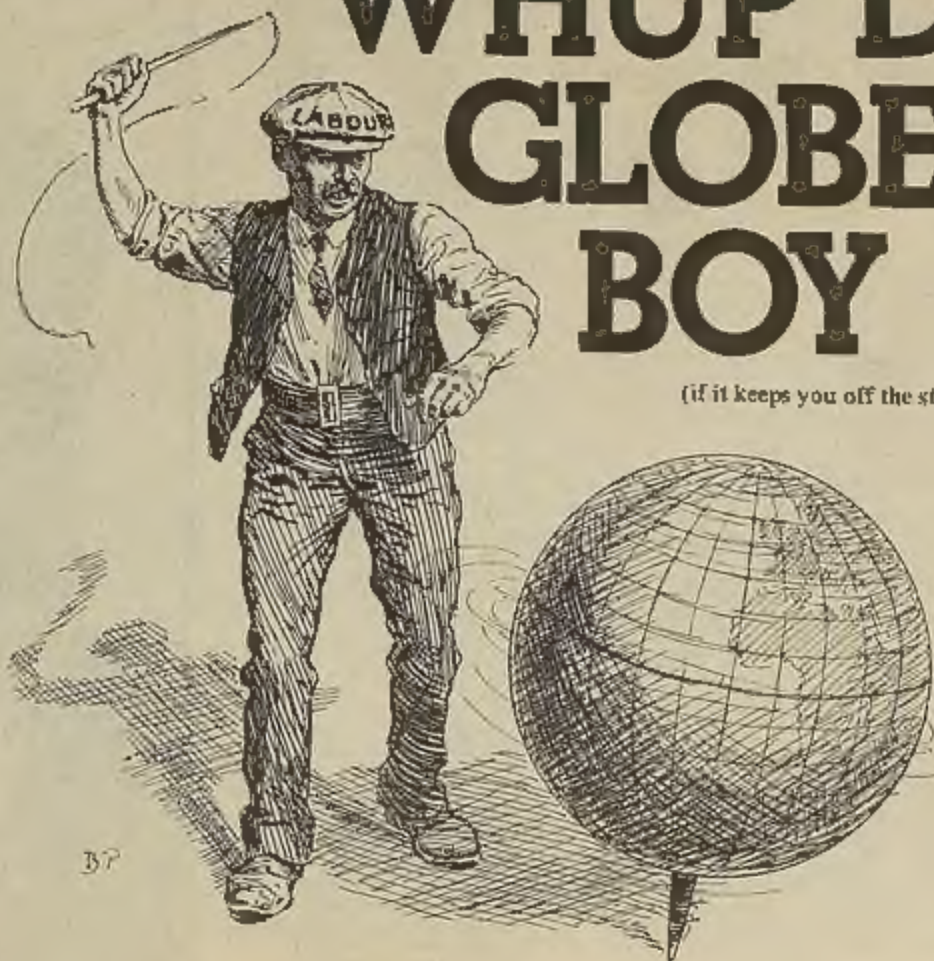
families and a way of life that has become just as conservative as anybody living in the suburbs. This has happened without the Left noticing; the taming or bringing the old dangerous classes into the conformist mould of living, making them complete consumer slaves is one of the pointers to the shrewdness of the ruling class. They believe in the old adage—if you want someone to be a conservative give him something to conserve, no matter how small, but what they can't deal with is attacks on the ideology (yes, they've got one) of the capitalist system, whose kernel is the family and has an ethical foundation on which their system's based.

Up till now the Left has put down the so-called Underground, not realising what potential there was there, but you've only got to think of the way that they've performed

over things like the Oz trial, Women's Lib, Drugs, etc., to see that they're worried. These things couldn't be contained or by-passed with concessions because they were a threat to the very foundation of the system. Only when the labour movement and the Left can come to terms and work with other sections of what I consider to be the revolutionary front can there be any possibility of a successful threat to the capitalist system. I can't speak for the Underground so I won't go into its short-comings as I'm not a part of it. I can only speak as somebody that's worked inside the labour movement and realised its short-comings. What are my qualifications to speak? Firstly, I'm working class, I've been a shop steward, branch official, trades councillor and all that, and the sad thing is some people still think crap like that really matters.

WHUP DAT GLOBE, BOY

(if it keeps you off the streets . . .)



UPPITY NIGGERS

Capetown (LNS): Years of simmering discontent with universities in racist South Afrika have exploded into an escalating chain of confrontation in recent weeks. Beginning with an angry speech by a graduating African student, the campaign of opposition has shut down all the African universities through a student strike and has sparked violent street battles between police and crowds of as many as 10,000 protesting students, many of them white.

South African racism is especially evident in its segregated university system where 68,549 white students are enrolled compared to 3,911 black students (2,144 of whom are correspondent students). The black "schools" are understaffed, badly equipped, and designed

to train African students for life as fourth class students in their own land.

Fortunately the black students able to attend school have not remained silent in spite of their "privilege." The current wave of protests was touched off by a scathing attack given by Abraham Ramothubi Tiro at graduating ceremonies at the University of the North, Turfloop. In his speech, Tiro attacked the whole system of separate but unequal education and living conditions in South Afrika.

Tiro's speech didn't go over too well with South Afrika's white rulers. Tiro was promptly expelled from university. When other students backed him up with an eight hour sit-in armed police with dogs and tear gas were called in, the entire student body was expelled and the university closed. A boycott of all university classes by African students succeeded in shutting down all black universities by June 1.

At press time more demonstrations are being planned and the boycott of universities is continuing.

It seems South Afrika's white regime has dropped its public relations mask in favour of the internal security bold faced repression brings. Prime Minister John Vorster speaking to charges of police brutality said, "If police had not acted this way then I personally would have been disappointed in them because it would have been an indication that we were slipping on the road of maintenance of law and order."

Threats aren't likely to end South Afrika's increasingly turbulent internal problems as Tiro pointed out in his speech to graduating Africans, "The day shall come when all shall be free to breathe the air of freedom, which is theirs to breathe. When that day has come, no man—no matter how many tanks he has—will reverse the course of events."

Thought you'd wanna see it - this, dear reader, is the gun that shot George Wallace down; as advertised in all the best arms manuals. See Arthur Bremer's eyes glisten. Hear the crowd roar. Did somebody mention Gun Laws?

The New Charter Arms .38 Spec. Snub Nose Revolver BETTER THAN A SMITH - BETTER THAN A COIT



NIXON'S EXODUS

San Quentin, Calif (UPS): Pre-trial hearings for the San Quentin 6, the six adjustment centre inmates indicted following the murder of George Jackson last August 21, continued to focus on the defendants' demands for court-appointed attorneys of their choice.

To date, the court has denied the request of the six defendants for their own attorneys and has instead appointed attorneys, who with one exception, have no political understanding of the case. One of the defendants, Johnny Larry Spain, said recently in a letter to the Guardian: "It's very ridiculous. How can the state prosecute and give us the lawyers of their choosing?"

The San Quentin 6—Fleeta Drumgo, who was recently acquitted in the Soledad Brothers trial; Luis Talamantes, Hugo Pinol, Spain, Willie Tate and David Johnson—face charges of murder and conspiracy stemming from the August 21 events at San Quentin adjustment centre, that left Jackson and five others dead. All six have a history of political activity and resistance to the tyranny of the California prison system.

In another San Quentin prisoners trial, that of Earl Gibson and Larry Justice, repeated efforts by them to get attorneys of their choice partially succeeded at a pre-trial hearing on May 5 when a

movement attorney, Marvin Stender, was appointed to the case. However, the court has not yet appointed the attorney Gibson wants. The two men are charged with the death of a prison guard who was protecting a prison informer named Herman Johnson. Johnson was a key prosecution witness in the recent Soledad Brothers trial.

Miami (LNS): "Not only will we take to the streets in protest of the government's repressive policies" says the Miami Conventions Coalition, "but we will attempt to create a setting through which people can share their experiences about the nature of the world in which we live, and about the positive alternatives which we have begun to create."

Toward this end, the Miami Conventions Coalition wants to create, during both Conventions a "humanized People's World's Fair—EXPOSE '72."

"We envision EXPOSE as a time of education, skill sharing, and generation of energy. We will seek to educate and unite ourselves around a call for major changes in foreign and domestic policies."

The main focus of EXPOSE will be the Republican Convention. The plans are to have extensive displays of the Nixon doctrine, with movies, guerrilla theatre, etc. There will be exhibits on current liberation

struggles around the world—in Northern Ireland, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Angola and other countries.

"We view EXPOSE as an important aspect of convention organizing, mobilizing and long term education. We feel it will represent a creative method of unifying ourselves, and presenting the movement for social change to the country and the world. We hope to see not only booths and displays but also numerous workshops, side shows, films, musical activities and theatre."

Washington (LNS): Nixon's campaign fundraisers have really been turning on the charm and spitting no cash in the scramble for campaign backers, reports Jack Anderson in a recent syndicated column. Travelling first class, staying at the most fashionable hotels, winning and dining prospective backers at the most elegant restaurants and smoking the finest cigars, Nixon's men racked up an April/May expense account not to be believed. Air travel alone for the two months in commercial, private or government planes came to over \$45,000.

In New York, they stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria (three visits cost them \$2,985), and in Florida it was the Boca Raton Club, a "watering hole for millionaires." But the cheapest place so far to entertain potential backers has proven to be the White House. For an April 18 reception at the presidential palace, the Republican Finance Committee reimbursed the White House guest fund a full \$159.

All in all Nixon's fundraisers have been quite successful. They managed to collect over \$10 million from unidentified contributors before a new law went into effect on April 7 requiring that all political donors be named.

MISTER, I'LL HAVE YOUR BALLS FOR THAT!



Academy Books



1/Beamzley: Sixty Drawings. 130pp. 60 ill. col. front. 11" x 8 1/2". Paper only £1.75.



2/Tarot (Warner) 84 pp. 80 ill. 6 col. 11" x 8 1/2". Cloth £2.50. Paper £1.50.



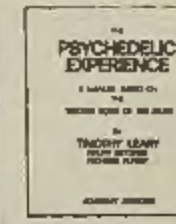
3/Dose: Selected Engravings. (Henderson), 136 pp. 60 ill. 11" x 8 1/2". Paper only £1.95.



4/Posters 1886 (Wichmann), 38 hand mounted col. ill. 2 ft x 1 1/2 ft. Cloth £8.00.



5/Art Nouveau (Melvin) 88 pp. 105 illus. 8 col. Cloth £3.50. Paper £1.95.



6/Psychedelic Experience (Leary et al), 96pp. frontis. 11" x 8 1/2". Cloth £2.50. Paper £1.25.



7/Psychedelic Baby (Leary et al), 222 pp. 8 1/2" x 5 1/2". Cloth only £2.50.

8/Illustrations of Alice (Overman) 104 pp. over 100 ill. 9 col. 11" x 8 1/2". Paper only £1.95.

9/Shots (Ponton) 128 pp. 86 ill. Paper only £1.75. See cover title for example shot.

10/Tantra (Garrison) 96pp. 11 ill. 11" x 8 1/2". Cloth £2.50. Paper £1.50.

PLEASE SEND ME:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

I ENCLOSE:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please make cheques and p.o.'s payable to: Academy Editions. Send to: BOOK OFFER, IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF. (Please allow up to three weeks for processing your orders.)

GOD THEY'RE BIG!



ACTUAL SIZE 1 1/4" dia.!!!

Nasty badges available now, price 10p each, from Nasty Tales Defence, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF (please send s.a.e.)



the people speak

Dear IT:

To my dear Chris (you poor misguided "son of William").

In the June 19 issue of IT you succeeded in blasting into bloody fragments my illusion that this paper is read by fellow dope heads, and by members of the creed which believes in peace where peace is possible.

You have dragged IT into the category formerly inhabited by such denizens as The Times and Express... the oral lavatories of conformists and straights such as yourself.

Let's see if we can straighten YOUR facts out a bit before you knock Ruth Daniels. The Provos were NOT responsible for "every death and bombing in Ulster." Get out of your pinstripe suit and Unionist old school tie and look around you, man. The first man shot in the riots in Northern Ireland was John Gallagher—shot with a 303 shell from a "B" special's gun into a crowd wielding only house bricks. This murdering was going on for years hidden by a veil of censorship woven by Stormont and the BBC. Just as a point of order, I know a chick whose uncle is paralyzed from the waist down, having been riddled by a "B" special's bullets because his car didn't stop as fast as was desired at a road block (the "B" special, by the way, was "shooting at his tyres").

The struggle in Ireland is working class against working class—while the Tories, Craig and Faulkner wallow in the realisation of the maintenance of the status quo and their own job security.

Chris, so long as there are

stupid fucking psuedos like yourself and ordinary misled working people supporting the loyal Orange Order and its principles, the working people will continue to kill one another to support a Tory regime!

Peace, Power and Unity to The People.

Martin (loyal son of freedom and equality).

Dear IT:

A small group of musicians in Birmingham have formed an Arts Co-operative. Its objects are to promote advanced, experimental and uncompromising adventures in the arts—especially improvised music—in an attempt to form a "scene" in Birmingham.

There is concern here about the state and future of avant-garde arts support—especially in the care of unknown musicians. It is because of reluctance to fully support uncompromising art forms, that Arts Co-op have been forcing dialogue with organisations in an attempt to secure venues for regular performances and workshop sessions. Trinity Arts Centre, Camp Hill, Birmingham, have agreed to a workshop (and performances after building conversion). Details from the address below.

Love

Dave Pantan, Bob, Fred, Dave, Carl, Nik, Ian and friends, Arts Co-op, 9 The Hawthorns, Woodbridge Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13. 021-449-5861 (Mon/Fri, 12-5 pm).

Dear IT:

Fleet Music Workshop is trying to form a centre for headactivities in the Fleet to Farnham area. We've already got music, but would like more. Hopefully, a paper consisting of the relevant news for this area will appear from our inane mumbblings, so if you can play, read, act, write or organize, please contact John at Fleet 4320, or come down one evening to Fleet Youth Theatre and Arts Workshop, Abertom Fields (opp. Wyvern Inn), Church Crookham, Fleet. Help us to pull the fractions into a whole.

Thank s to IT and keep smiling.

J A Bland.

Dear IT:

While we were having a quiet smoke on Friday night, there was an enormous grunt from the front door, followed by six officers of the law, cleverly disguised as human beings, leading these was George (even more cleverly disguised as a hippy!).

George is making quite a name for himself locally, and we think he should have national coverage. George is about 6 foot, light build, blonde hair (short with long side-burns), blue eyes, long pointed nose, thin lips, clean shaven (!) and speaks with a Brummy accent. We don't know how large his wardrobe is, but on the night of our raid he was wearing a purple de-dyed T-shirt, white baggy cords with wanky little inserts in blue, an imitationed feather

jacket and—do we have to say it?!!—brown suede shoes.

George may also try to score off you and bust you after the deal, so be warned!

Anyhow, to end this letter on a happier note, we may be busted for about 1/2 oz which was smoke dope lying around, but in the following search the dumb fuckers failed to turn up 12 ozs, the bulk of the shit, stashed under their noses.

Watch out there's a pig about! Sandy, Roy, Benny, Pete,

Mulvern.

Dear IT:

In desperation I turn to you for help. I have experienced the greatest of difficulties, going through Official Channels, of trying to help British People in Foreign Prisons on Drug Charges. It seems necessary now to begin to form some kind of Action Group to tackle this problem with the full force that is essential to achieve some results.

Let me relate to you some circumstances to illustrate my point. I have been made aware of the presence of two British men in The Central Prison in Meshed, Iran, imprisoned on drug charges. One was charged in November 1971 with possession of Hash, and sentenced to 5 years imprisonment. Part of this sentence is for non-payment of a fine which was imposed at a rate of £2.75p per gram, totalling something like £140,000! The alternative is one day in prison for every gram of Drugs.

At first the jails they were in were atrocious. Sleeping on stone floors, 30-40 men to a room,

with one water tap in a yard which was always frozen. Now they have both been moved to a better prison, and they tell us this is tolerably comfortable, and only the food is unbearable.

The British Embassy in Teheran are not using their full powers. They should be trying to influence the progress of the Bill through the Iranian Parliament, and should transmit reports back to London as soon as possible, (preferably not by Diplomatic Bag as this seems to come on a rowing boat!). Why should we have to pay unknown lawyers to do a poor botched up job which is the automatic role of our Embassy? Why should we suffer because the nearest Consulate is 800-900 miles away?

We believe there are 10 or 12 British men in the prison in Meshed, and also more were arrested earlier this year and put in Torbath-Jel, yet our Consul knows nothing!

We must therefore put pressure on the British Embassy to use their full diplomatic powers to ensure sentences are confirmed, extradition negotiations are started, all progress is relayed quickly, and to ensure all British prisoners are treated humanely. Must our friends all be Timothy Davay's before the world is interested in their plight?

Sincerely,

Roger Deck, 99 Kenton St., Fulham, London, SW6 01-381-0951



video soma feedback

to overflow one need be infolding. The process of infolding cannot be frozen in words. Let go the formulation and take another trip where your inside is out and your outside is in.

by Marilyn Patrick

Imagine.

You can have a videotaperecorder at home. You can record sound and image and play them back right away. You can even monitor as you are recording. What do you do?

Strip.

Make Love.

Masturbate.

Wave your cock.

Grin happily and idiotically at all the taboos you are so joyously flouting.

We are not supposed to dwell on our own bodies. And yet we all, for the extent of our sojourns on earth, live in a body, mostly our own, sometimes fused with another. We are interested in our bodies. We have had enough of undressing in the dark. In this culture we are starved for soma-feedback.

"Tape is a tender way of getting in touch with oneself. In privacy, with control over the process, one can learn to accept the extension out there on tape as part of self. There is the possibility of taking the extending back in and reprocessing it over and over again on one's personal time warp." Paul Ryan.

When we begin to relate nude to ourselves on tape, we imitate porno movies. Most couples set the camera on the tripod and point it at the bed. They press the record trigger, hop on the bed and screw. They do not watch themselves as they are screwing but they get off on the fact that they are making a dirty movie. Then they play it back later and if they have the energy they start again. Same movie. It is an elementary form of delayed feedback but it is after all our only model for nude behaviour in front of a recording device.

But we have developed new modes of behaviour and we can discover ways to feedback on that behaviour and reinforce it. How ironic that we reprocess our love in their package.

"Narcissus gazes stupefied, paralyzed, at his image in the pool. His image is cut off from him and the amputation produces a numbness and closure that make it impossible for him to recognise his extended self. As long as we accept the Narcissus attitude of regarding the extensions of our bodies as really out there, really independent of us, we will meet



all technological challenge with the same sort of banana skin pirouette and collapse," Paul Ryan.

One way to retrain our frizzled senses is to do all soma-feedback with an RF adaptor and interact with our image as we are generating it. The connection between you and the screen is so startling, so clear, if you watch your movement as you are doing it, that you cannot fail to respond to yourself.

You can do this with a static camera or you can work with someone close to you who will hold the camera, a slow examination of your body on video is a good way to start. The idea is for the camera to pick up on your cues. You may begin by telling—"show me my breast and my arm." With practice, you will be able to work together without words.

You might get into it by having the camera pick up a section of your body—say, arm and side. Look at the monitor

(the cameraman will be getting his feedback through the viewfinder). The screen is the canvas on which you paint with your body. Move your arm against your side, twist your body, move your hand up to touch along your side, study and sculpt with other parts of you. Dance, shake, make graphic shapes, make rhythms, watch the screen—the screen is part of you, an empathic projection.

Each feedback trip is different. Some are yoga-like. Some are pulsing and physical. Some are playful. Some never happen, never get off the ego and into the interaction.

When you know you, do the soma-feedback with someone else. I have never done couple soma-feedback with a static camera but if you can't find someone you trust to work the camera, start that way. If you have someone close to work the camera and if both partners accept the qualification of exploring the feedback possibilities and not imitating porno format, you will share a beautiful

erotic experience—long, sensual and stimulating. For some it is difficult to relate to the video and also to each other. I saw a tape with one solution to the problem. A man and woman were in separate rooms, each with a camera and monitor. They were connected by a control room. They related to each other a split screen, in superimposition, in various wipes, and cuddling, kissing, licking, posturing, long distance—they built to a crescendo of lust until they broke into each other's rooms. The video connection allowed them to act out fantasies and interact sexually in ways that they would have been inhibited to do face to face.

Soma-feedback is fun not only in couples, but with friends and kids. With friends, you touch, play, make some forms, enjoy a creative time together. With kids, you will romp through the feedback trip—nudge, wrangle, stack up on each other, back to back, arm to arm, compare shapes, make sculptures of arms and legs.

Video interaction with other people is a tactic for avoiding both servomechanistic closure and desensitization in using videotape. It is best to avoid inhibiting word labels on what you are doing. Forget my headings. "Exuberance is Beauty... the stream contains the fountain overflows." To overflow one need be infolding. The process of infolding cannot be frozen in words. Let go the formulations and take another trip where your inside is out and your outside is in.

From a media savage on the primitive island of Pittsburgh located near 3 rivers in the middle of the steel waste land of Pennsylvania. Also reprint of old scroll found in an abandoned coal mine once removed to be Andrew Carnegie's next rip-off stunt. Note: nothing is mentioned of media evolution; suspect capitalists are taking advantage of good thing. Urgent ... supplies for the winter are running out; must get "feedback" for survival in media space. Local stations are rotting local villagers' minds. Becoming increasingly difficult to maintain contact. Must leave now. Going back to my media cave and plan more subversive tactics.

Pittsdown media culture
Willard Van De Bogert
Media Man

THE ARNOS GROVE CODS-WALLOP

1 lb filleted cod/2 lbs potatoes
¼ lb mushrooms/¼ lb peas
¼ lb sweetcorn/¼ lb cheese
2 eggs of hen/1 large onion
parsley/salt/pepper/lemon

Boil and mash potatoes, simmer cod in shallow salted water with lemon juice. Cut onions, and lightly fry in butter. Mash cod and potatoes together and mix in quartered mushrooms, peas, onions, sweet corn, grated cheese and two beaten eggs. Add a little parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Remove to baking dish, and bake for ½ hour at moderate heat. Serve with a cheese sauce?

CALIFORNIAN TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICH

bread/butter/cheese

Make a regular cheese sandwich, butter both outer sides of the sandwich and fry in medium hot frying pan till brown.

TRIPE AND ONIONS FOR MR K SPARROW

1 lb tripe/1 pint milk & water
¼ lb onions/1 oz flour or corn-
flour/salt & pepper

Wash and cut into 2 inch squares the tripe, cook in the liquid with sliced onions, season and simmer for 1½-2 hours. Gradually add the diluted flour or cornflour, stir with a wooden spoon to the boil and simmer for 5-10 minutes. An alternative thickening is 1 gill of bechamel in place of the cornflour.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUR AILMENTS

No.1 THE OAK TREE

"The inner bark of the lofty oak has wonderful healing properties, as do the leaves, and acorn cups. A tea of the bark, and powder of the cups are excellent for bleeding at the

mouth, spitting of blood, and to stay vomiting, or other fluxes, in both man and woman. The powder of the acorn made into a tea resists the poison of venomous creatures. A tea made from the acorns and bark resists the force of poisonous medicines and will also check the involuntary passing of the

natural seed. It is also excellent for ulcerated bladder, and bloody urine. The distilled water of the buds, before they become leaves, can be used either outwardly or inwardly for inflammations, burning fevers, and infections. The water of the leaves is especially excellent for whites. It is also very useful in the following diseases: leucorrhoea, womb troubles, piles, troubles in the rectum, hemorrhages, varicose veins, to normalize the kidneys, liver and spleen, gonor, hardened neck, tumors and swellings.

DOSE: 1 ounce of the bark steeped in a pint of water. Use one teaspoonful three or four times a day for dysentery or diarrhea. Inject for leucorrhoea. Use also as a gargle for sore throat and catarrh. Use the powdered bark on ulcers. It is astringent and antiseptic. Good

uncle chuckle's page

In enemas for colon trouble, in gonorrhea, gleet and leucorrhoea. Also good for stomach troubles and gonor.

(Taken from "Back to Eden" written by Jethro Kloss. Published and distributed by Longview Publishing House, Coalpoint, Tennessee, U.S. of A. at \$6.95)

THE EGGPLANT THAT ATE CHICAGO

1 eggplant (aubergine)
½ cup oil/1 onion
2 cloves garlic/2 tomatoes
1 can tomato puree/juice of 1
lemon/salt

Peel and cube the eggplant, cook in saucepan with oil and finely chopped onions for 10 mins. Add 2 cloves garlic crushed, 2 tomatoes peeled, and cut into eighths, the can of tomato puree and the juice of 1 lemon. Simmer for 15 mins, salt to taste. Serve

with lemon wedges or spoon over fluffy steamed rice, and add an extra squeeze of lemon juice. Perfect with roast lamb.

A BIT OF MUSHROOM KETCHUP

10 lbs mushrooms/4 level table-
spoons salt/1 small onion
1 teaspoon ground allspice and
cloves/1 teaspoon grated horse-
radish/½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
½ pint vinegar

Quickly wash mushrooms, skin and trim the stalks and chop them coarsely. Put into a large pan, sprinkling them with the salt and leave to stand overnight. Next morning, add remaining ingredients to the

pan, bring to boil, and simmer for ½ hour. Pass through a fine sieve or puree in an electric blender. Return to pan, bring to boil and pour at once into hot sterilized jars and seal at once.

HOT FRIED GREEN FROGS WITH CHESTNUTS

3 fat frogs/6ozs chestnuts
6 ozs mushrooms/1 tsp chopped
ginger/1 tbsp soya sauce
3 tbsp sherry/1 spring onion
2 tbsp lard/½ tsp salt

Skin the fat green frogs and chop each one into six to eight pieces. Soak the chestnuts in hot water for half an hour. Skin and dry. Fry the pieces of fat green frog in lard with chestnuts and salt for two minutes over some high fire. Add mushrooms and chopped onion, and all the seasonings, and fry for a further three minutes, stirring continually over a high fire. Definitely no croaking there.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK (Bulle et Coucou)?

1. Eat a meal with the vegetables being mashed potatoes and cabbage.
2. Make sure that X amount of the said vegetables are left over.
3. Go to bed to sleep.
4. Arise the following morning and mash together the mashed potatoes and cabbage.
5. Fry the mixture in relatively hot frying pan. Turning once, until crispy brown coating is formed.
6. Serve with fried eggs and bacon on a platter of Shropshire pottery.
7. "First class."

"DON'T FERGIT TO TAKE
YOUR POTATOES OUT
TO BE MASHED."

ROSS.



It's a
beautiful
cartoon...
NO SHIT!

FRITZ
the CAT x

BLACK INK FILMS LTD. Present "FRITZ THE CAT"

A STEVE KRANTZ Production - based upon the characters created by R. CRUMB

Screenplay by RALPH BAKSHI - Directed by RALPH BAKSHI - Produced by STEVE KRANTZ

LONDON PAVILION

LICENSED BAR, "PICCADILLY CIRCUS" 437 2982

FROM JULY 27

LIGHT YOURSELF

Jonathan Green, itinerant veteran hack of Rolling Stone, Friends, Time Out, Ink, Oz, IT, Yorkshire Post, and Knave, discusses Mick Farren and Edward Barker's newly released magnum opus WATCH OUT KIDS (Open Gate Books, £1.50)

A CANDLE



Mick'n Ed - They Were Promised Money

Photo by Captain Snaps

Dear Mick

They asked me to review your book, *Watch Out Kids* and I started off trying to work out this fantasy where all the greasy punks were sitting on the stoop whittling their fingers with their switchblades, playing hot rock'n'roll and hopping up their cars but it didn't work too well. Then there's always the 'In this, undoubtedly his magnum opus, Farren has combined the naughtiest, the quintessential appeal of the alternative society and the witless chauvinism of its opposition... so in the end, it being a personal book and you being a personal friend, it seemed that a letter would be the best bet. Anyway it's easier to be rude this way... (NB: Unlike you and Edwards, they did not offer me money...)

taking the odd note for use below, I actually like it. In the first place the layout which makes it sure into the biggest 'F' ever, with a full colour glossy cover to boot and all one's old favourites adorning the credits, is very jolly. It's good to see all the old but undoubtedly golden punks trundled out again, and innumerable people will be able to throw away their battered old *IT's*, *Oz's*, what over in exchange for this natty visual compendium. Also its better than Hoffman or Rubin's books in this respect. Lashing it all down in three days or so doesn't exactly enhance the look of the thing, and in Jerry Rubin's case, the content either. However more of those particular affinities anon.

Like it or not *Watch Out Kids* is like Richard Neville's dated good citizen's guide to the underground *Play Power*,

though Richard confined his theory mercifully for him as it turned out, to no more than the final chapter, and you have spread the thesis throughout the book. Not as if the thought came the events and inevitably I find them easier to get off on I can't say that the fitless bulked as a rage for me as they did for you. I was only twice in '68, though I do remember such far back horrors as *'Three Coins in the Fountain'* and something that I think was called *Gilly-gilly-Osterpleffer-Cosmella-Boggy-by-the-Sea* (Christ) which influenced my preschool years and innumerable albums of what are now golden oldies towards the end of the decade. So I missed out on the whole greasy punk syndrome, I do have a feeling that my mother kept me away from such things, and I didn't get to slash a seat until I happened to have a knife in a cinema in France in 1968. One

thing worries me though and I guess that I come over, however played down in the book. English kids, as they still are learning to both their benefit and their frustration, are not living in the States. It's OK to apostrophise Elvis as 'white and greasy'... the *million* good looks of a successful hubcap thief, but hubcap

told us, we hadn't, especially the kids. But what we had was distinctly an import, a second hand gift from somewhere greasy Parkville, USA. Our beats right, but they didn't really have a way to travel. *Bomb Culture* is hardly *On the Road*. In a world that has been under the American thumb since before either of us were born, and in a country which is fighting hard to maintain a lost supremacy that was also on the way out sometime in the twenties, virtually everything lives in the shadow of the States. I English youth had one good homegrown era: it was in the first half of the sixties, through from 1962-67. Mods were in England. I don't think myself that they were a *gratuitous parody of consumer capitalism*... just a richer version of the earlier teen consumers who arrived late in the fifties. The more there were, the greater temptation

for someone to come up with Canaby St. mod paradise for a while and the ultimate example of totally unscrupulous exploitation. I went to one of the who's 1970 English tour gigs—in the Oxford Ballroom, Purley, one of their old venues and there, six years after we were the old audience. The guys had on their suits—Burtons, not Tammy Roberts—and their chicks/wives were in sort of CSA modes. They drank, respectively, plims of bitter and gin and something. Not a pill in sight. Six transit drama mundi, or so much for Margate. I do remember following a great mod crocodile around Bedford, where I was at school for hours one Sunday hoping for vicarious violence, but they all fucked off down the 7 Star Grill. Another illusion shattered.

Generally I really enjoy with the odd gripe, the autobiographical stuff. Even if experiences were not identical there's plenty of people who can share feelings, memories of their own particular participation of events, just the whole movement that did exist in the sixties. When I think the problems come with the politics, and the philosophies. You are a reader, Mick, and even if the ghostly book cover blurs (no apologies to anyone, whoever wrote it) does claim that you *'Don't want to lead anyone (tech)*, there's no way out. Image is fascinating, the media play their funny games, take the word 'underground' or 'flowerpower' and do their strange thing to it. You've had the treatment, less than some, more than others, but you played the game a little wrong. You actually kept getting arrested, or making heavy statements, you haven't kept to the rules. And this worries me. The liberals and running scared and whatever the upshot of the trial you won't be getting a column on a Fleet Street daily even if you want one. And a though can admire the refusal to cop out and take a rather simpler, and infinitely more remunerative path (why the hell else am I writing up other people's masturbation fantasies for the mag?) I'm not sure that I go along with your particular brand of rhetoric. Once again it seems to me it comes from a dangerous desire to turn England into America.

One thing I learned doing years and years of reading 'History' was that in England anyway, revolutions just don't work. The place just isn't volatile enough. Cromwell tried and they killed the 'meritocracy' as when it returned. The English understand compromise too well.

The other night Parky and Dick Cavett linked their talk shows. They wanked on about dirty words on the box. Cavett has a censor on the show and every time Parky said 'toilet' Cavett blanched. But Mort Sahl gets up there on NBC/CBS or whatever and gives a long, supposedly funny rap, which says, in so many words America is a Neo-Fascist Country and plenty more in the same vein. So you can say 'Fuck', you can scream it on BBC or ITV but no-one'll get away with calling Heath a fascist and his government a thinly veiled dictatorship. So to bring in John Sinclair's White Panther programme doesn't, to me anyway, come over as relevant. No more anyway than the many and doubtless absolutely excellent points of the UN Charter for Human Rights. Aubie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Sinclair himself have told us and, more important, the Americans, the scene there. What we need is a plan of campaign for here. And, however cynical I may be, that plan can't succeed if it takes as basis an American model. You could say that what happens here is a couple of years later than similar events in the States. I believe to an extent that this is true, hence the secondhand culture that the straight and freak media have to content themselves with. But the English and Americans are such different people. Similar causes have totally disparate effects.

You've said to me that the problem of educating freak kids is of paramount importance. I agree. The generation gap, which is by no means a novelty, is simply that absurd struggle that succeeding youth generations have with their parents as they too discover that establishment precepts are far from divine utterances. Until the 1960s, when kids got money, independence and became, at their worst a new and highly

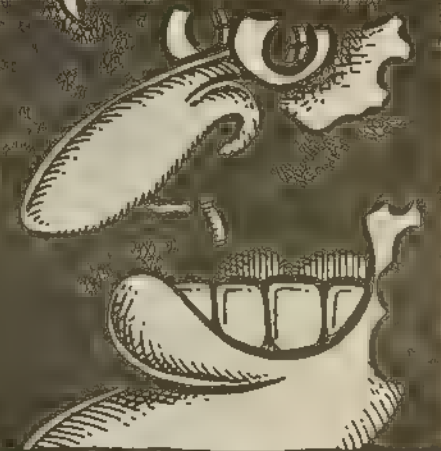
profitable consumer, and at their best the people who were at Phun City and Glastonbury, the cyclical movement of birth-dislike-on-acceptance-conformity-death seemed inevitable, except for those who were willing to be labelled freaks. Now the label freak is no longer one of hatred. How can the establishment mock a movement that takes on itself so derogatory a label. I don't share your optimism, as written in the book, that the gloom of 1969-70 winter has been alleviated. I don't recommend Angry Brigade methods or traditional Left or New Left politics—for the one you require a dedication/fanaticism that is beyond most people and I believe beneficially so. For the other you require a devotion to bureaucracy and partyline regulations that is if anything worse than High

Toryism—at least the Tories seem to enjoy themselves—unashamed decadence has always appealed to me more than martyred misery. We have managed, like so many before us, to break down the neat conformity that parents and school have offered us as the ideal way of life. What we must do is make sure that another generation does not find us as a ghastly and self-opinionated as the one from which we have emerged. Know that violent revolution will not work here, and if there was one, people like us would be first up against the wall. Education seems the ideal way, possibly the only way. Democracy, and that they say, is the system under which we live, accepts the vote of the majority. Maybe that is but a nominal assent, but one thing is definite. The major ty are educated away from the establishment

view, even if there is only created a new set of beliefs, but it at last have ideas that are radically altered from that present dominant. Human nature won't change. People are competitive, acquisitive, some have to emerge on top, others in other places, but despite all my cynicism I really would like to see not so much an alternative society (for we have found how little headway can be made with rebellious mumbblings against forces which, as you point out, could crush any violent move with ease), but the education of the next generation towards attitudes that will rule out the need for an alternative. I imagine this is why formerly political kids in the States are looking to McGovern.

Love
JONATHAN

AN' WHEN YER SMASHIN' TH' STATE KIDS... DON'T FERGIT T' KEEP A SMILE ON YER LIPS AN' A SONG IN YER HEART!



Help!

Vancouver Remember the days of the Deviants Rock'n' Roll band? When they went to Canada, one of their roadies, John Downie, stayed and set up a jewellery business in Vancouver. He was recently busted in Edmonton, charged with being in possession of a restricted drug for the purpose of trafficking. 4,500 worth of MDA, found guilty and sentenced to 5 years.

The lawyer failed to file the appeal within the approved time. While this case was being heard John visited friends in Winnipeg. He gave one of these friends a lift in his car. The news pounced. The friend was in possession of a valuable quad, a 1974 MDA Boto John and the friend were charged with possession of a restricted drug for the purpose of trafficking. The friend explained in court that John had absolutely no knowledge of the drug was in the car. They were both found guilty. The friend sentenced to 4 years, John to 9 years, giving him a grand total of 14 years, behind bars in a Canadian jail to look forward to.

CENSORS OR SHIT

Sao Paulo, Brazil (P.L.): In Brazil, a glimpse of Nixon /Agnew's style of press freedom has been in effect for several years. A Brazilian journalist has to "censor himself" unless he wants to spend six years in jail for writing against the military dictatorship.

There are two types of censorship imposed by the military: one blatantly in the form of a "Special Law," and the second a more subtle "self-censorship." Each article, report, or new item can be denounced and fined by the military. They are considered dangerous or the military's "secr'y." Anyone can denounce an article and the newspaper must prove that it is innocent

of the accusation where the accuser does not need any special evidence. In times of national crises the press offices, radio, and television are taken over by censors. A national crisis means, for instance, when a diplomat has been kidnapped by guerrillas who require for his release the publication of messages or denunciations, thus breaking through the censorship. A common way by journalists is strictly forbidden in such cases. The Brazilian regime also pays newspapers large amounts of money to publish articles written by government propagandists. The articles are signed by well-known journalists who have never seen the copy. In this way the government hopes to win the sympathy of the "Special Law" and the second a more subtle "self-censorship." Each article, report, or new item can be denounced and fined by the military. They are considered dangerous or the military's "secr'y." Anyone can denounce an article and the newspaper must prove that it is innocent



Advance ticket price 70p available from Rainbow Theatre,
232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 6ED or at
Shiffnurbury Avenue, W3. De la on door

Sunday 13 August 4-10 pm

MAN

KEITH

CHRISTMAS

MAGIC MUSCLE

THE SCORPION

THE SCORPION

SERVILIA BONG
AND THE SHEILAS

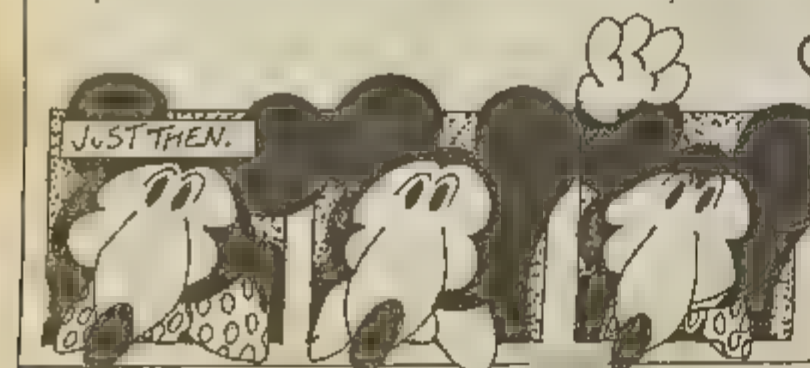
THE SCORPION

at the
Rainbow

by GENE WILKINSON



SHERMIAH'S WOORLITZA & FILM STEVE STILLS and YES ESP
LITES, SOUNDS, LICENSED BAR. Greenwich Borough Hall, Royal
Hill, Greenwich S.E. 10. Admission 75p on door



WHERE PERVERTS AND DRUG ADDICTS ARE ON THE PROWL

Not the sort of headline you'll find in **DRUGS AND SOCIETY** which is an informative, well researched, sympathetic magazine (11 April 1972)

DRUGS AND SOCIETY is available from the following bookshops, price 25p

Better Books
Compendium
Mandarin Books
Di lions
Kensington Market
The Angel Bookshop

Bookends (Chepstow Place)
Academy Bookshop
Smiths (King's College
Hospital,
Bookshop (Regent's Park
Road)

OR send for a free specimen copy

NAME _____

PROFESSION _____

ADDRESS _____

Return to **DRUGS AND SOCIETY**

Macmillan Journals Ltd.,

4, Little Essex Street, London WC2R 3LF

IT. 1.

LOVIN' YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER

THE WHO Join Together (Track)

OK kids, it's time to dig out yer old Mohner vamps, bang gong, go score a Jaw's harp, start beating beatable cars, 'cause Pete and the boys want you to come "Join together with the band."

Man, when I used to go cop a load of Who down the Goldhawk, and they sure was mea... you couldn't get near 'em. No man can climb on their stage. Say you've just downed 20-odd dubs OK, and you're getting pretty out of it, yeah? and yer crazed enough to go dance on the stage, well, if yer managed to get past the mike, taped onto 20 foot of wire, swirling like helicopter blades, then, fuck, yer just had to end up with a Rickenbacker wrapped round yer 'ead.

But times have changed, some groups think nothing of 300+ brained maniacs storming their stage, smashing, bashing anything in sight, but no way, ever, have I witnessed an allowed invasion of a Who stage.

Of course, Join Together could mean we all get to write cheques for ourselves from a joint "Who & Us Joined Together" bank account, or maybe go drink Moony's hotel dry. But thoughts of this nature no way.

OK. So we all clap our hands, go berserk at a Who concert and get joined together this way, with the band laying out the basic vibes for us to pick up on. Well, I'll just let you know that it don't come across on this record. No sir, and I just can't stomach that horrid "Larry Adler" intro (outro).

BOSS

HAWKWIND Silver Machine (United Artists)

Now that the Pink Fairies are no more, Hawkwind remain the only prominent recording band to represent, in some form, our culture. Consequently any recorded effort is of instant interest.

OK. So come on, all you spaga-chewing, swollen-jawed speed freaks, you creepy hippies, you totally collapsed mandy brothers, you beer swilling, swaying crowd of acidulated mishaps, this record was made with you in mind.

This fine band of demented citizens want you should cop an earful of significantly sonic sounds, to freak out that good ole rock'n'roll, wop you through time warps, lock you onto Brock's typical guitar, make your guts vibrate on the floor when

pounded by Lemmy's bass, get beaten to a pulp from start to finish by the drums of extra-terrestrial force, have every nerve in your body ripped to shreds by means of Turner's wah-wahed saxophone, and become a totally obliterated lump of protoplasm after experiencing Dik and Del's drugen pulsating electric. When you finally find yourself in this condition, then you just know it's time to go get yourself a silver machine ... yer know what I mean?

Who cares if the vocals are a little strained in parts, I don't even care about the appalling production job of one Doctor Technical, it's the vibe that counts, and there's thousands of very crazed kids who are getting off on Hawkwind's special delivery.

In all, a crazed record for all you nutters to buy, I mean, wouldn't you really dig to see those boys on "Top of the Pops"? (God, what a horrid thought!!)

(Ed. Note: This review was in fact written before Hawkwind had actually appeared on "Top of the Pops".)

BOSS

TREVOR BURTON Fight for my Country (Wizard)

Seeing Burton in his self-induced state of "unconditional discharge" from the major rock scene, is not a pretty sight! You know, he really should be back on the road with 200 watts of Marshall within his grasp, and a slick, sweaty band of high energy maniacs at his heels. But he does seem to get behind lying

dormant in the Grove.

"Fight for my Country" is actually a re-release job, on his old band Balls' record. The Beeb couldn't get behind the band's name then, hence no exposure, and they can't seem to get behind it now, probably 'cause of it's lyric content.

Soldier say "I'm going away to fight for my country" and I said "You just gotta be insane". And the sailor say "I'm going away to kill for my country" and I said "Man, I'm glad I don't feel the same."

This fine piece of wax is excellent in every way, production (Jimmy Miller) impeccable, lyrical content right there, music all really sound, and the chorus lines you'll find yourself singing all day and night, and with the very sturdy Alan White on drums and Denny Laine in there too, what more can you need? Trev needs the exposure, that's what he needs.

BOSS

EMERSON LAKE & PALMER Trilogy (Island)

The first reaction to this new work by ELP is that it is head and shoulders above their last two albums, and is quite enjoyable to write-film reviews for IT by. That it lacks the subtlety to enable one to listen to it with concentration is its biggest fault. Music must depend on an oasis of energy. The listener gives and takes energy from the performer, and through this

interaction is born a sensual experience. There is none in Trilogy.

The most obvious difference between Trilogy and the previous ELP albums is that this time the group plays as an ensemble and the album is less orientated towards Keith Emerson's superstar virtuoso keyboard ego trip. There are also indications that the band is returning to a more grassroots type of sound, that the arrangements are less obscure and unnecessarily complex. On some cuts, a discerning ear may even catch phrases and chord structures which distinctly recall the days of the Nice.

The result is a pleasant enough sound, but there is no real feeling and I somehow reacted to it as one might to a really above average piece of 'Musak.' It would be nice enough if the British Airports Authority played it in the Departure Lounge.

Gordian.

Lou Reed (RCA)

"The Velvet Underground is dead—Long live Lou Reed" is a very tempting slogan; one which several music papers are already plugging. But this album suggests that a double funeral may be in order.

Don't get me wrong, it isn't a bad album; it's not good either and somewhere inbetween is where Lou Reed's well deserved reputation may be laid to rest.

Anyone who was into the Velvets knows that Lou Reed in that band was something

very special; namely the only great songwriter (except perhaps Dylan) to come out of rock music. Without getting too deep into pretentious bullshit, what made him great was a certain distance between him and the others for which, like it or not, "grown-up" was the only word. "Grown-up" has very little to do with age (and nothing to do with Cole Porter or Tony Bennett); some kids make it, a lot of adults never get there. Robert Johnson and lots of blue singers made it, so did Edith Piaf, Brecht and Weill.

On this album two things have happened. The technical standard of the music has "improved"; it's a really slick, professional piece of 70s rock. And the standard of the songs has descended to the generally prevailing level of James Taylor—Carole King—Neil Young teenage existentialist horse turd. Both of which are a disaster. I liked Lou Reed's guitar playing (and even those Tucker's drumming); technically incompetent it may have been to some but it was unique and more important it fitted the songs (music and words have seldom fitted better than on "Venus in Furs", "Mercin", "Pale Blue Eyes" or ten other Velvets numbers). On this album Caleb Quaye plays lead, for whom the term "Rock Machine" must have been invented (very technical though).

What about the songs? Some people will get into a self-righteous "he's sold out" trip (remember "Nashville Skyline"). That isn't at all what's happened. Nothing so dramatic; just a subtle, sneaky flabification which is the Rock Business' trade mark; like the two holes in the jugular vein. There are a few flashes; "Wild Child", "I Can't Stand It" and "Lisa Says" are convincing from a distance. Odd flashes of sarcasm among the camp, but what can you do with "Candlelight and Dubonnet a la, it was very nice ..."

sarcastic, sincere, camp or whatever?

Ironically the show-biz sycophants have only now started to pour exaggerated praise on Lou, just when he's at his musical weakest; and that's how the vicious spiral into mediocrity begins.

None of this is much of a surprise; I would have been most surprised if even Lou Reed could have pulled off anything worth listening to, in these days when all that's left of rock is a bad smell.

When the mode of the music changes the walls of the city may or may not shake, but when the mode of production of the music changes it rapidly becomes a pain in the arse.

Of course this album may grow on me, but then so, someday, will worry.

Dick Pountain.





ABBEY WOOD CHAPTER
Box 5, 1 Conference Road,
Abbey Wood, London SE2.
(Central Co-ordination Chapter)

ROCHDALE CHAPTER
Beautiful Stranger,
Rochdale Information Point
6a Hunters Lane,
Rochdale, Lancs.

CROYDON AND BROMLEY
45 Sylvan Rd. London, S.E.19.

ILFORD CHAPTER
Box 3, 59 Sebastian Court
Meadow Road,
Barking, Essex.

GLASGOW CHAPTER
c/o Skell The Burrow
24 St Vincents Crescent
Glasgow C3.

NORTH SUSSEX CHAPTER
c/o Roger Hayes,
22 Campell Crescent,
East Grinstead, Sussex.

WHITE PANTHER STREET BAND
(Steve Gilmore/Ray Birch/illustrious
friends)

are ready and waitin' to play at
local gigs for expenses (no less).
Ring Chris L. Urea 01 969 2884



24-hr HELP

FREE INFORMATION SERVICE.
141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11
01-229 8219

BIT desperately needs cash pack -
we're having to turn people away.
We also need green shield stamps,
cigarette coupons, spare change?

MAN TO MAN

FREE GAY MAGAZINE

with your first order! Finest selection of
Male/Male GAY PORNO in Europe. Chose
from hundreds of magsazines and 8 mm
colour films. Send 20p postal order today
for Fully Illustrated Catalogue.
LUX PUBLICATIONS (Dept IT)
PO Box 10269, Amsterdam, HOLLAND.
(Use 5p stamp please).

ACADEMY EDITIONS

Available now from all aware bookshops:

Psychodelic Baby Reaches Puberty by
Peter Stafford. The first in- the sociological
examination of L.S.D. (£1.95 cloth).

The Psychodelic Experience by Leary/
Metzner/Alpert. Guidance for all levels of
consciousness during a psychodelic session
(£1.25 paper, £2.50 cloth).

Tantra: The Yoga of Sex by Omar Garrison.
The first clear guide to the Hindu cult of
ecstasy (£1.50 paper, £2.50 cloth).

SHOTS: Photographs from the Under-
ground Press. See what you have read about.
(£1.75 paper).

Anthropods by Jim Burns. New design
futures for new living. (£2.25 paper).

ACADEMY EDITIONS
7 Holland Street, London W.11.

Van removals Electric Typing
Baby-sitting Filming Teaching
Journalism Graphics Writing
Musicians Poets Design
Decorating Models Artists
Help & Advice Carpentry
Gentle Ghost is an alternative service
to the community. 01 603 8581.
Stop messing—use Gentle Ghost!!!!

GAY MAGS

1. All Male Contact Magazine —
covers all the U.K. Hundreds
of ads. Sample copy £1.00.
2. Imported American magazines —
male action photographs cover
to cover. Sample copy £3.00
Two different for £5.00.

Fast service under plain cover.
Suburban Publishing, Dept IT.,
130 Godwin Road, London E.7.

YOUNG LADY

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER has
for sale **UNUSUAL PHOTOS AND
FILMS.** Adults only, details free.
Send only SAE to Miss V Phillips,
Dept IT, PO Box 504, 526 High
Road, Chiswick, W.4.

ACADEMY BOOKSHOP

Our new basement will shortly be opened
with an even greater selection of paperbacks
and books on philosophy, psychology and
the occult.

7 Holland Street, London W.8.
Tel: 01 937 3149

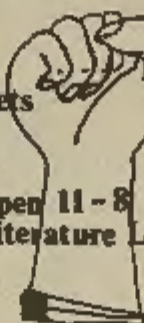
AGITPROP BOOKSHOP

Revolution starts with information.
Information is available to every-
body from: Agitprop Bookshop,
248 Bethnal Green Road, E.2.
(01-739 1704)

| | |
|--|------|
| Children's Rights | 15p |
| Bust Book | 25p |
| War of the Flea | 40p |
| Who killed Stephen McCarthy? | 10p |
| The Sexual Struggle of Youth. (Reich) | 37½p |

Free literature list for s.a.e.

Books
Pamphlets
Info
Shop Open 11 - 8
Free Literature List



PUBLIC SCHOOLS LIBERATION

The end of the summer term is when all
discontenting "A" level candidates (about
to leave) can do something to justify
their school career.

If you want to organize some form of
protest or are IN ANY WAY INTEREST-
ED or CONCERNED with conditions in
public schools PLEASE WRITE AT
ONCE to: Public Schools Lib. "Children's
Rights," 5 Stewarts Grove, London SW3
(including names of suitable friends at
other schools).

INDIGO OVERLAND

INDIA & KATHMANDU
(land border now open)

via the Middle East—Cyprus—Southern
Persia—Afghanistan and Kashmir £79.

Departures 9 September, 14 October,
30 October 1972 and monthly in 1973.

to Morocco (London—Sahara—London)
3 week-nick departures 12 August,
27 October, 15 December

Further details—Indigo Overland
Expeditions Ltd, Dept 38, 25 Cumber-
land Street, London SW1 (01 730 3188)

| | | |
|----------|----|---------|
| TINA | 21 | SWEDEN |
| DIANNE | 22 | BRITAIN |
| MICHELLE | 21 | FRANCE |
| KEITH | 21 | BRITAIN |

Four beautiful people who want to
massage you at your home or hotel.
Phone them now—you'll never find
better.

272 8033 (noon—midnight only)

meat

RECORDS AT DISCOUNT

11 Grosvenor Place South,
Cheltenham.

EXCITING SEX OFFERS!

PICTURES

All guaranteed unretouched, uncen-
sored, young female nudes. Bundles, each
containing at least 200 different, £1 plus
20p p&p.

BOOKS

English Sex Techniques—covers all the
oral and intercourse positions, in real life
action photos (unretouched). Cover price
£5.25—our price £1.50.
Nude Girls (Unretouched)—packed
cover to cover with naked girls. Seductive
women as they really are with nothing
obscured, shielded or masked. Cover
price £3—our price £1.
Swedish Sex Models—an uncensored
look at two 'Swedish' blue-movie
Queens. Cover price £1.50—our price £1.
Also: Black and white Sex Climax, Buxom
Strip-tease Expose, Swedish School girl
Sex Kittens, Porn Expose (Confessions of a
blue movie star), £1 each or all 4 books
£3.

SEXFRIENDS

Britain's largest contact and wife-
swapper mag. Cover price £1. Sample
copy 60p.

VIBRATORS

Approx 8" long, 2" circ. Just £1.20
post free, why pay more?

NUDE PLAYING CARDS

Sexual Ecstasy in pictures. Full colour,
full figure shots, £1 a pack.

SENSATION PUBLICATIONS (IT),
70 Woodhouse Road, Leytonstone,
London E.11.

ORGY FILMS & MAGAZINES

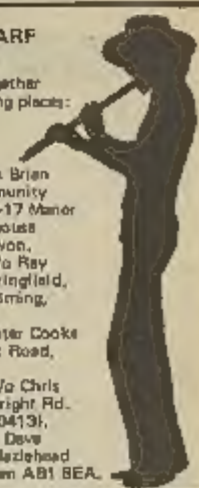
ORGY ACTION: Nude men and
women in **OUTRAGEOUS SEX
ACTS!** Beautiful, uncensored, &
totally real! Finest PORNO in
all Europe. Send 20p Postal Order
for photo-illustrated CATALOGUE
plus FREE MAGAZINE coupon, to
NETCO (Dept. IT.), PO Box 10149,
Amsterdam, HOLLAND.

(Use a 5p stamp for Holland)

NEW DWARF OUTRIPS

are getting together
in the following places:

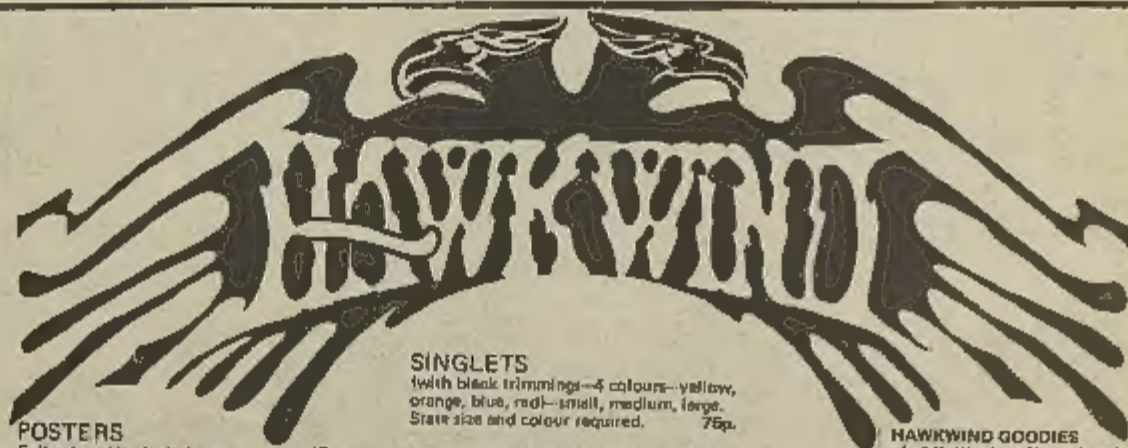
Plymouth: c/o Brian
Colling, Community
Workshop, 14-17 Manor
Street, Stonehouse
Plymouth, Devon.
Godalming: c/o Ray
Taylor, 13 Springfield,
Epsom, Godalming,
Surrey.
Oxford: c/o Peter Cooke
99 Woodstock Road,
Oxford.
Hampstead: c/o Chris
Bell, 40 Arkwright Rd.
N.W.3. (435 0413).
Aberdeen: c/o Dave
Rothnie, 58 Hazelhead
Gdns, Aberdeen AB1 8EA.



PERFUME ESSENTIAL OILS

| | per 1 oz bottle | per 2 dram bottle |
|-------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Bergamot (art.) | | |
| Jasmin (art.) | | |
| Patchouli | 75p each | 20p each |
| Sandalwood | | |
| Violet (art.) | | |
| Cassia | | |
| Calistemon (art.) | | |
| Cravat Compound | 50p each | 15p each |
| Geraniol | | |
| Lavender | | |
| Aniseed | | |
| Cinnamon | 37½p each | 10p each |
| Clove | | |
| Camphor | | |
| Cedarwood | | |
| Menthol Liquid | 25p each | 7½p each |
| Wintergreen | | |

Plus 5p per bottle post and packing, from
STAR CHILD, 43 Shirley Rd.
Luton, Beds.



POSTERS

Full colour Hawkwind poster 40p.

T-SHIRTS

Isosceles neck T-shirts with contrasting
sleeves, body yellow, sleeves green, 3 sizes,
small, medium, large)

Short sleeved, size..... £1.00

Long sleeved, size..... £1.25

SINGLETs

(with black trimmings—4 colours—yellow,
orange, blue, red—small, medium, large.
State size and colour required. 75p.

Coming soon, Hawkwind embroidered
patches

Please add 10p to all orders to cover handling.
Allow 30 days for processing. All payments
should be by cheque or postal order made
payable to TROYST DESIGN COMPANY
and sent with this order form (just tick off
the items you want) to:

HAWKWIND GOODIES
c/o 11b Wardour Mews, London W.1.

I enclose £..... inc. postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

FREE from it

Janis Joplin-

the music and the story



JOPLIN
IN CONCERT
2 vinyl sets

The recordings of Janis Joplin's concert career cover literally miles of tape, and it's taken more than a year to choose the best. Joplin In Concert is the result: it is a very special two-record set. Recorded at Winterland, the Fillmore West, the Canadian Festival and other concerts, it illuminates the finest moments of the finest nights of her life. Hear it at your record store - soon.

40

'Janis' is a unique book. It traces those 27 short and tragic years that were Janis Joplin's life. From her stormy childhood, her leaving home to work in the coffee bars and clubs, to her eventual rise to stardom. There are over 100 illustrations which, together with personal interviews with Janis, make this book compulsive reading. Available at all good bookshops, or from the New English Library, Barnard Inn, London, EC1N 3JR.



JANIS-100 pages
£1.25 (P&H add 10p
for postage and packing)

Limit offer only. Send £4.80 to IT SUBSCRIPTIONS, 11 Wardour Street, London W1A 0PF and receive, absolutely free, a copy of the JANIS JOPLIN double album plus a copy of the JANIS JOPLIN book by return of post, plus 25 copies of IT within the next year. Offer valid in UK only, on the coupon below.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please send me a year's subscription to IT plus Janis Joplin double album and Janis Joplin book with my first copy of IT. I enclose £4.80. (Please print name and address clearly.)



IT 134, 23 July-10 August 1970

The Ape that Shocked a City,

Mr Natural: On the Burn Again;

& the Transamerican Superboogie

WHY BOTHER?

YEAH, BUT, STILL, YOU GOTTA BE IDEALISTIC... Y'GOTTA BELIEVE IN A VISION OF A BETTER WORLD!

